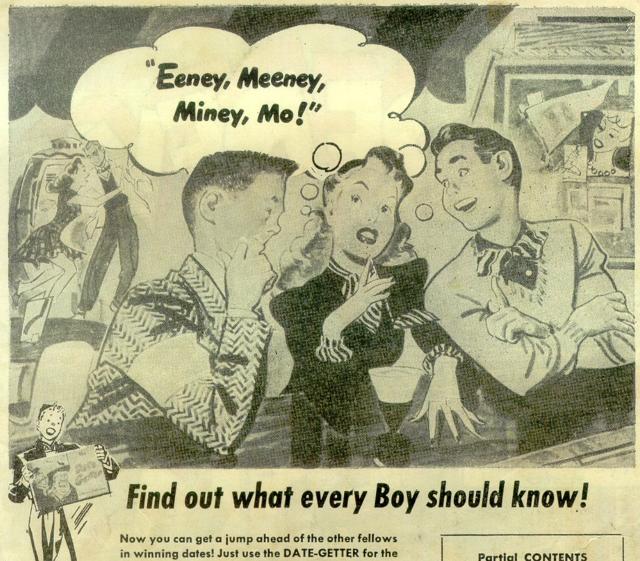
## THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!



LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER . CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS WELL, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD — I THOUGHT HE WAS REACHIN' FOR A GUN! HEY, DAREDEVIL, as in WAIT UP every **FULL LENGTH** stories EV GLEASON VALICATIONS





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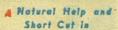
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#### ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR

## BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life – dates romance, popularity social and business success – only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your akin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external akin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded



Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and direct speeks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores After you receive everything, read your directions carefully Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 90 New York 2, N Y By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safetysealed carton On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result. you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring And, think of it!the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





IT HAS BEEN STATED THAT IF FICTIONAL HEROES WOULD MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS (AND IN SOME CASES THEY PROPERLY SHOULD), INCALCUABLE THOUSANDS OF STORIES MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN. THE OLD FASHIONED, NEVER ERRING HERO HAD HIS DAY. IT'S NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT NO ONE IS PERFECT. EVEN A HANDSOME MALE STAR OF A STORY HAS THE RIGHT TO AN OCCASIONAL ERROR IN JUDGEMENT, IF HIS MISTAKE IS MADE IN THE PROCESS OF ATTEMPTING TO DO GOOD. WHEN A HERO DELIBERATELY BECOMES INTERESTED IN OTHER PEOPLES' PROBLEMS, IT ISN'T BECAUSE HE'S A NOSEY RUBBERNECK BUT RATHER AN INTENSELY RIGHTEOUS CITIZEN WHO WANTS TO HELP HIS NEIGHBOR, AS WE ALL SHOULD-WHENEVER, AND WHEREVER WE CAN. DAREDEVIL WILL-BEAR ME OUT IN THE FOLLOWING STORY, WHICH BEGAN A FEW YEARS AGO, DURING WHICH INCIDENT HE WAS OUT OF COSTUME.

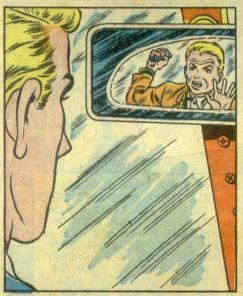
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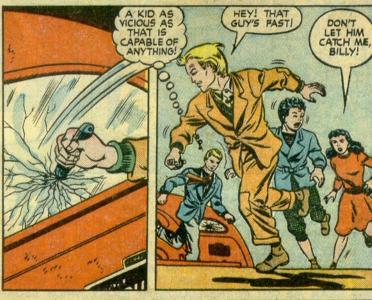




















I DON'T WANT TO PREACH, BUT I'VE SEEN KIDS LIKE YOU SIXTEEN! I DON'T WANT NO CHARITY HOME! I'M WOUND UP BEHIND DOING FINE ON MY THE EIGHT BALL IF THE OWN! I GOT A PLACE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY HADN'T FOUND A GOOD WANT TO EAT! I HOME FOR THEM! LIKE IT THIS WAY!



NOW LOOK, YOU'RE AT AN AGE WHERE YOU NEED ADVICE AND CARE FROM SOMEONE REALLY INTERESTED IN YOU! WITHOUT IT YOU'RE LIKELY TO DO THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T, LIKE TODAY AND GET IN SERIOUS TROUBLE! I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU!

CUT OUT THE SOFT
SOAP! IF YOU WANNA
REPORT ME, GO
AHEAD! BUT I'M
WARNIN' YA, IF I
GET STUCK IN SOME
LOUSY ORPHAN
AGYLUM, I'LL GET
EVEN WITH YOU! NOW.
GET OUT!

OKAY, YOUNGSTER!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE,
NOT BECAUSE OF YOUR
THREATS, BUT BECAUSE
I'M SORRY FOR YOU!
THINGS ARE TOUGH
ENOUGH FOR YOU
ALREADY!



SHOULD REPORT HIM,





















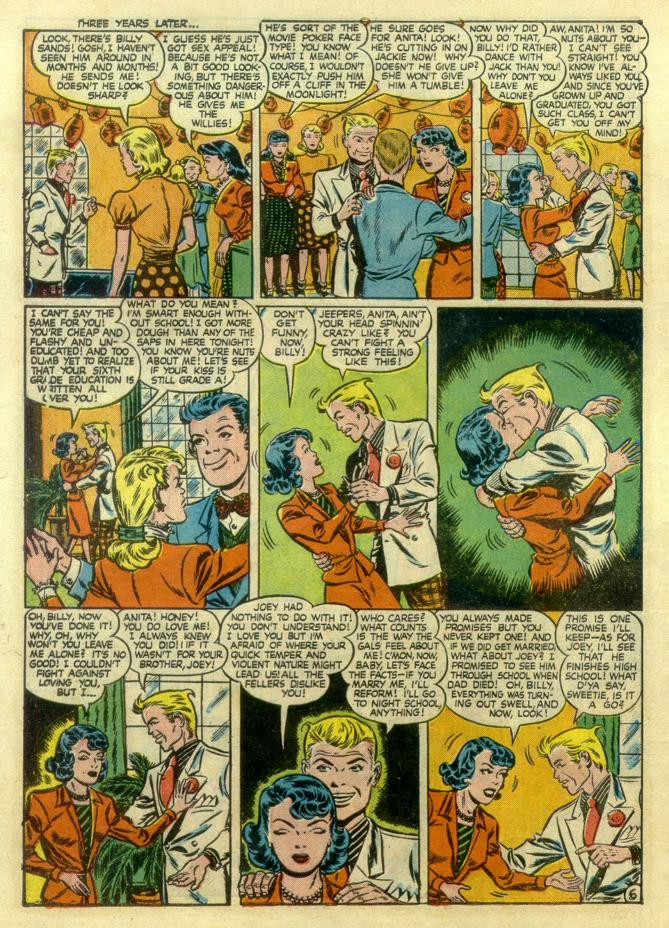


















KEEP OUT OF THIS, ANITA—AS
FOR YOU, YOU RUNT! I JUST WANT
TO TELL YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
WE WERE MARRIED TONIGHT! SEE—
AND WE JUST CAME BACK TO PICK
UP ANITA'S THINGS! SHE'S MOVIN'
IN WITH ME! YOU CAN COME
VISIT HER-BUT DO IT WHEN

I'M NOT AROUND, GET ME?

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T MOVE IN HIT IT OFF SO GOOD! HE'S A FUNNY GUY! I VISIT ANITA A LOT THOUGH! THAT'S WHERE I'M GOIN' NOW!







WHY DON'T YOU I KNOW, BUT I LEAVE HIM, ANITA? CAN'T HELP IT! HE'S NO GOOD! YOU I LOVE HIM... BESIDES, WHEN MEDICINE! YOU'VE I MARRIED HIM SEEN MARRIED TO HIM SIX MONTHS NOW TO STAY FOR AND ALL HE'S DONE BETTER OR WORSE! UNHAPPY!











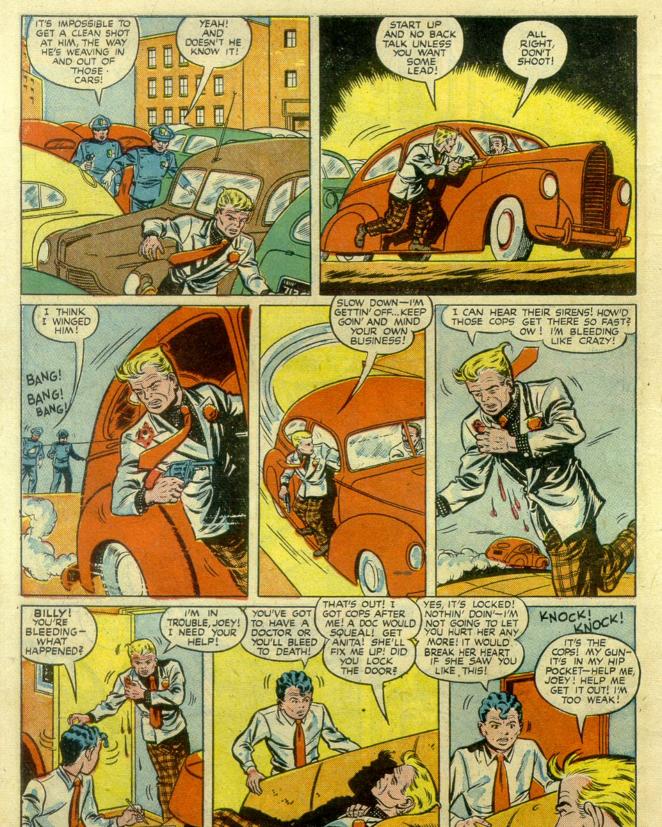
























YEAH! I

S'POSE YOU'RE RIGHT! OKAY!

I'LL BE A

GOOD

BOY!



SURE, I'LL HELP YOU
GET OUT! GUARDS HAVE
A LOT OF INFLUENCE WHEN
IT COMES TO RECOMMENDNOU COULD
ING PRISONERS FOR PAROLE! HELP ME
AS SOON AS YOU'VE SERVED
THE MINIMUM SENTENCEI'LL GET BUSY!



I'M SORRY,
BILLY, BUT I
COULDN'T DO
THAT! WHAT GOOD
WOULD IT DO? YOU'D
Y BE HOUNDED AND
CHASED ALL YOUR
LIFE! YOU'D COWER
EVERY TIME YOU
SAW
SHADOW!



JUST ONE MORE THING! ANYTHING ANITA DOESN'T KNOW I'M YOU SAY, WORKING HERE! LET'S JOEY! YOU'RE THE TIME COMES WHEN YOUR CHANCES OF PAROLE ARE CERTAIN! NO USE IN BUILDING UP HER HOPES TOO SOON!











MY MOTHER AND FATHER























THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE...
THEY ALL SNUBBED ME BECAUSE
SUE, WHO LIVES DOWN THE
BLOCK TOLD THEM I WAS
M...MARRIED TO A..A J..JAILBIRD! I DIDN'T THINK SHE'D
TELL! OH, BILLY, LET'S GO
AWAY FROM HERE! LET'S
RUN AWAY WHERE
PEOPLE DON'T
KNOW US!



PLEASE, ANITA DON'T CRY! I CAN'T LEAVE TOWN WITHOUT BREAKING PAROLE! JOEY'S RIGHT! ALL I DO IS BRING YOU UNHAPPI-NESS! I COULDN'T EVEN GET ANY KIND OF A JOB!



NEVER MIND, I'VE

STILL GOT MINE AND I DON'T CARE ABOUT THOSE





SURE, WE'LL GIVE HIM A BREAK!











#### THIS IS YOUR PAGE

## WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

## \$200 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$200

Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL we have been guided by two ideals—first the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

Of all the comics I've read, DAREDEVIL is tops. It's even better than going to a movie. BOY and CRIME DOES NOT PAY are my favorites too. I'll be waiting for the next issues.

Yours sincerely, Virginia Majchizak 1088 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hollywood, take note.

My friends and I like DAREDEVIL Comics because it gives us good ideas. DAREDEVIL tries to make our country better for children like us. No comic can compare with DAREDEVIL.

Yours truly, Mary McIntyre 1475 Webster Avenue, Bronx 56, N. Y.

Your letter too, will do its share.

One day I was bullied into a fight. I remembered a hold that DAREDEVIL used, and won the fight.

Yours truly, Richard Abbott 230 West 67th St., Los Angeles 3, Calif.

Which hold was that, Dick?

Our club which is called The Daredevil Juniors, (dedicated to DAREDEVIL and the Little Wise Guys) gave an anniversary party January 2, for our three successful years. Each member received a year's subscription to The Big Three.

Sincerely yours, George Rieger 1165 Simpson St., Bronx 59, N. Y.

We hope your club stands for what DAREDEVIL represents. Good luck to you, George.

All I can say for DAREDEVIL is that it has faught me real "sportsmanship." I used to have disrespect for other religions, but I learned from your books what some people can't seem to understand — that "all men are created equal." A million thanks.

Dante Perreca 2500 Belmont Ave., New York 58, N. Y.

Truth is what DAREDEVIL stands for and that's positive, Dante.

It seems to me that I have read or heard that Charles Biro was an excellent football player. Will you please straighten me out? Thanks.

> Stanley Glowacki Girard College, Philadelphia 21, Pa.

P.S. He is an all-American to me.

Charlie has played semi-pro football, A.A.U. Hockey, at table tennis he won a 23-21 game from former world champ Fred Perry. He gets along in most sports. B.W.

I have just finished reading DAREDEVIL COMICS (March, No. 41). It showed how the metal club helped the boys to stay out of trouble, but when the club was closed they got into so much trouble. If you would write more stories like that, it would influence people to build more teen-age clubs, so those who need it would have a better chance in life. Thank you very much.

Irene Ronso 316 Harwick St., Chester, Pa.

It's swell to know that you caught the story's point. C.B.

My two boys are only eleven and nine years old and although they keep me busy explaining some of your DAREDEVIL plots, I think it's more fun than lecturing them on "how crime does not pay."

Sincerely, Mrs. A. B. Viescos 600 E. Amador Ave., Las Cruces, New Mexico

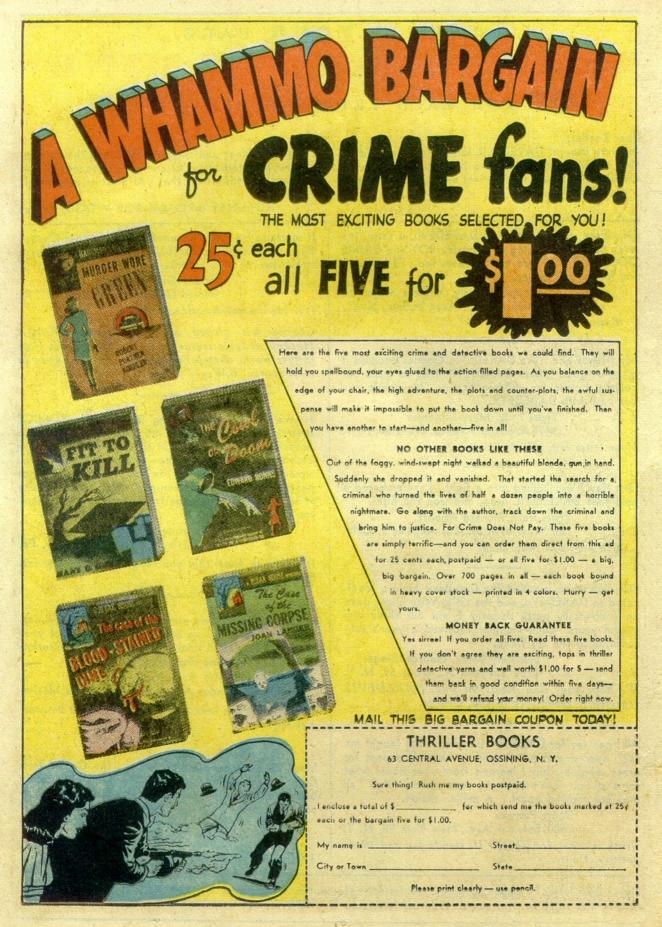
The interest you take in your children is to be commended.

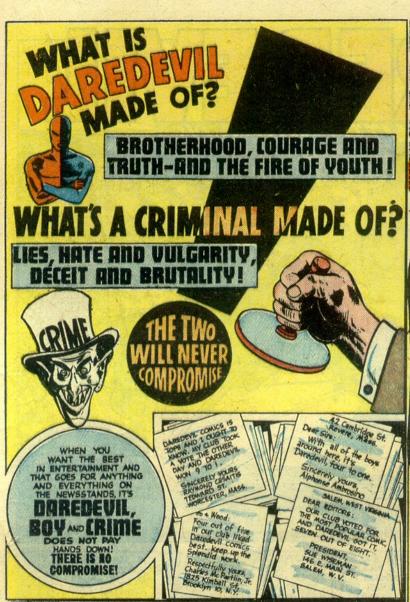
Here we boys have a club called "The Comic Book Club." I am the President and wondered what comic book thriller was favored most. We took a vote, and of the 27 members, 20 voted for DAREDEVIL.

Sincerely yours, John Holmes 104 S. Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

Thanks for the honor, John.

Please limit letter to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, and we reserve the right to edit same. Address letters to DAREDEVIL, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.





## INSIDE DOPE



DID JA KNOWL

THE GREAT EMPIRE
STATE BUILDING BENDS A
LITTLE ON A HOT DAY BO
THAT'S BECAUSE THE
SUNNY SIDE EXPANDS MORE
THAN THE SHAPY SIDE Q

IT'S A FACT...
IN SAN FRANCISCO
AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE THERE, PAPER
WAS SO SCARCE THAT
PEOPLE WROTE LETTERS
ON COLLARS AND CUFFS!



HEY. FELLOWS!
HEY. FELLOWS!
HEY. FELLOWS!
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FROM RICH BROS'
FROM PARTICLES YET!
HAD A FIZZLER YET!

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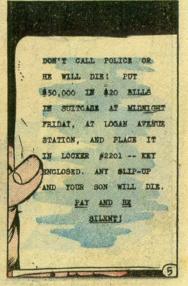


























OKAY, BUT IT'S STRICTLY

HOLY SMOKE!

GRIMES WILL MOVE
HEAVEN AN' EARTH
TO GET HIM BACK!
DON'T WORRY, BRADTH
I WON'T BREATHE
A WORD OF IT!

HELLO, KILROY? THIS
IS COWLAN! I'VE GOT
THE SCOOP OF THE
YEAR FOR YOU
YEAR FOR YOU
GRIME'S KID JUST
GOT SNATCHED!















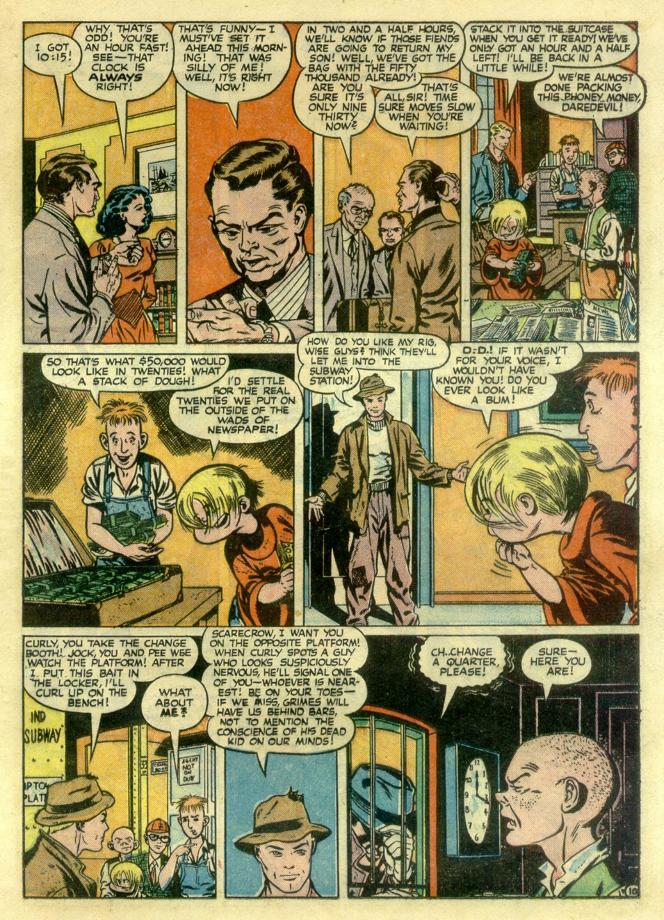


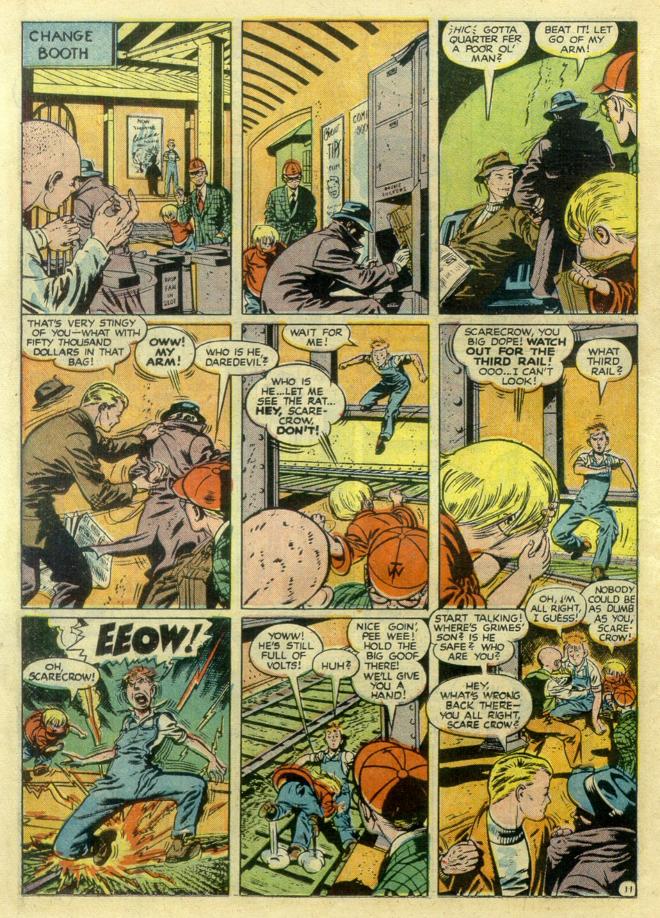
















AFTER YOUR STORY, I THINK I UNDERSTAND YOUR CASE A LITTLE BETTER, DON! I'M LEAVING YOU HERE ON YOUR HONOR WHILE I GO TO GRIMES! THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE!



RAILROAD THE BOY, I'LL ALL RIGHT!
GIVE OUT WITH THE ALL RIGHT!
WHOLE STORY OF HIS
FATHER'S DEATH AND THE
WAY YOUR CLUMSY ASSIST- LENIENT!
ANT BROKE THE NEWS
TO HIS MOTHER! I



HE WAS TEMPORARILY UNBALANCED AND DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! MR. GRIMES WILL DROP THE CHARGES IF HE'S PLACED IN MY CUSTODY! THAT'S QUITE



















SAY, LET'S

COUNT ME













WHAT GOES ON ??

CAN IT BE? IS DAREDEVIL
GOING TO STAY IN HIS COSTUME?

IF SO — WHAT ABOUT HIS IDENTITY, NOW
THAT EVERYONE KNOWS WHO HE REALLY IS—
AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE DAREDEVIL
PRESS? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE! IT WILL
BE A SOCKEROO!

# THEN THURSE SINGERS

# A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

# By DICK FRENCH

RIMEBUSTER glanced up at the glistening ice-covered hulk of the battered freighter as he and Crandell hurried across the windswept dock. "The old Laurentia certainly took a beating in that storm last night," he shouted.

"Sure did," answered Crandell. "I heard on the radio that she hit the worst weather we've had all winter. Must be a bad luck ship. Weather like

that, and a murder on top of it."

"What makes you so sure it's murder?" Crimebuster ducked thankfully into the protected gangway leading to the ship. "Maybe our golden voiced songstress, Marie Caruso, didn't kill Armwell after all."

"According to Captain Kostelak, there's no doubt of it," answered Crandell. "He claims there was a witness, and—there, I suppose that's the Captain

up ahead.'

As the two stepped onto the bare deck of the freighter, they were met by an effusive, jovial little man, who rushed them into his warm quarters, meanwhile rattling off an introduction of himself, and apologizing for the weather as if it were his own fault. After a moment of scurrying about attempting to make his guests comfortable, he suddenly made an effort to appear very businesslike.

"Well, gentlemen, I shall tell you the story of our little tragedy as briefly as possible and then I'll thank you to take that murderess off of my ship as quickly as possible." The Captain frowned ominously. "She's dangerous. I have her locked in her cabin under guard. But to get on with the

story. Briefly, this is what happened.

"We have only six passengers—mostly cargo, you know. The only passengers we get are those looking for cheap passage and those who can't wait for one of the passenger liners. Three of our present passengers are of the latter type. Miss Caruso, the murderess," he frowned again at mention of the name, "Mr. Armwell, poor fellow—he was an actor, you know, before the girl killed him, and the famous violinist, Mark Kandell. The other two, a Miss Farrell — old maid sort — and her brother John are the cheap-passage type."

"Who is the witness to the murder you mentioned over the phone?" Crandell looked up from

his notes as he spoke.

"Miss Farrell," answered the Captain. "I'll tell you exactly how it happened. It was about eight o'clock last night. We should have been in port by then, but we were offshore fighting one of the roughest-little storms I've seen in years. Miss Farrell sent a steward to tell me there was a fight among the passengers. I came on down and she led me to the companionway in the passengers' quarters, and there I found George Armwell, choked to death, and this Caruso woman in a dead faint,"

"Were Miss Caruso and Armwell together when they came aboard?"

"No, not so I could notice," the Captain said thoughtfully. "All came aboard alone. But both Armwell and Kandell seemed mighty taken with her before we'd been under way long. Appeared as if she preferred Armwell, but this just goes to show how wrong one can be."

"Now, about Miss Farrell," said Crandell. "What

did she see?"

"Seems she was going down into the passenger quarters, and just as she got to the bottom of the steps, she saw the girl and Armwell struggling in the hallway. The girl had her hands on his throat. Miss Farrell gave a yell and then ran back to the lounge where she'd left her brother and sent one of the stewards after me. Then she and her brother and the other steward ran back to help Armwell but when they got there he was dead and the girl had fainted. Couldn't have taken 'em more tham a minute or so to get there, either."

"Where was this Mr. Kandell at the time?"

Crimebuster frowned as he spoke.

"Why he was practicin' on his violin in his cabin, and didn't hear anything at all. We had to knock on his door and roust him out to tell him about it."

"One more question," said Crandell. "What story, if any, did Miss Caruso have to tell?"

The Captain grinned derisively. "Well, she told us some fairy tale about the ship rockin' so bad that she and Armwell couldn't stand up, and she was holding on to him to keep from falling. Says all of a sudden she got a funny feeling and everything went black and when she woke up he was dead. Not a word of truth in it."

"Thank you, Captain," said Crandell as they all stood up. "And now, if you don't mind, we'd like to take a look or the body."

George Armwell was, or rather had been, truly handsome. It seemed strange to see so familiar a face stilled in death in the cramped confines of the old freighter's cabin. His heavy body and massive head seemed shrunken and lonely now that the vitality had been drained from them.

"You gentlemen are welcome to do all the looking you like," said Captain Ksotelak. "As for me, I'll wait outside." He closed the door carefully.

"Choked all right," said Crandell, as he and Crimebuster bent over the body. "Look — the bruises are still visible."

Crimebuster stared thoughtfully at the faint blue marks for a moment, and then carefully fitted his fingers around the throat to match them.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," cried Crandell. "You give me the creeps! What's the idea?"

Look, Crandell - look at the position of my thumbs," said Crimebuster. "The little lady must have had quite a bit of experience - this was a very professional job. The thumbs are in exactly the right spot to cut off the blood supply to the brain, the quickest way to kill by choking."

"Okay, so she knew how to do it! Let's round up the passengers and see what we can learn."

As they stepped from the cabin, and Crandell began to ask the Captain to call the others, Crime-

buster interrupted.

"Crandell, I've got a hunch. Maybe we won't need them all. How about just getting Miss Caruso and that violinist? I can tell you in a moment when I see them if we'll need the others."

"Okay," said Crandell. "It can't do any harm.

Call them, will you, Captain?"

Mark Kandell arrived first. He was a slim, wiry little man who kept running his fingers rapidly back and forth on his coat lapels as if practicing scales on a violin. At the Captain's rap on his door, just across the hall, he stepped out, bowed silently, and stared at Crimebuster calmly.

"How do you do, Mr. Kandell?" Crimebuster grasped the violinist's hand and shook it heartily."
"I've heard a great deal about you."

Kandell inclined his head politely, but said

nothing.

At that moment the Captain, who had been fitting the key to a locked door on the other side of the passage, announced in a dramatic voice, "Gentle-

men, here is our little murderess!"

Crandell and Crimebuster could hardly suppress gasps of surprise. They had seen pictures of Marie Caruso but no picture had shown them the fragile loveliness of the little singer. She was hardly five feet tall, and seemed so thin as to be almost transparent. Her appearance was distinctly regal, as, ignoring the Captain, she stepped forward to face the two strangers.

Before she could speak, Crimebuster leaped forward and extended his hand, meanwhile introducing himself and Crandell cordially. The girl frowned in surprise, but allowed him to take her hand, while Crandell frowned at this undue famili-

arity with a suspect.

"I suppose you gentlemen wish to question me," began Miss Caruso, but Crimebuster interrupted.

"I don't think it will really be necessary, Miss Caruso. And Crandell," he turned and grinned over his shoulder, "I am sure now that I won't need the others."

Crandell opened his mouth to speak, then shrugged and subsided as Crimebuster turned back

to the girl and spoke rapidly to her.

"Miss Caruso, I have two things to ask you to do. One of them is easy, the other may be-well, unpleasant. But I believe I can clear you of any suspicion of murder. What do you say?"

The girl smiled. "What can I say? Of course

I'll do it!"

Crimebuster grinned. "Good! Now, first of all, where were you standing when you fainted? Use me as Armwell, and show me exactly the spot." "This must be the easy one," she answered. "I

was right here." She took up a position facing her own door, her back to Kandell's door. Crimebuster stood facing her. "We were just like this, stumbling back and forth, when it happened. And it's very strange—I have never in all my life fainted before."

"Thank you," said Crimebuster. "And now, the hard question. Will you step into the room where Armwell's body is, and put your hands on his throat?"

The girl smiled grimly. "If it proves I didn't

kill him, I'll do anything."

Followed by the curiously staring group, she marched determinedly into Armwell's cabin, and approached the body.

"Try to put your fingers on the marks you see on the throat," Crimebuster said quietly. A mo-

ment later, he said, "Look, Crandell."

Crandell bent over the girl's shoulder, to see the trembling little fingers straining to touch each faint mark-and failing by inches.

"I see what you mean," he muttered to Crimebuster. "Maybe she didn't do it. But who-?"

"I'm coming to that," answered Crimebuster. Then, turning to the mystified Captain he said. "Captain, if you would like to tell your children that you once captured a murderer, be kind enough to snap a pair of irons on Mark Kandell!"

Kandell went white. "Why, you young fool! You must be mad-why should I kill Armwell?"

"Because you hated him for his attentions to Miss Caruso," answered Crimebuster. "Because she didn't like you at all, which I'm sure she'll verify. Because no man could practice a violin on a ship which was rolling so badly that others couldn't stand up. Forgot about that, didn't you? The Captain will testify as to how bad the storm was at the time of the killing. Because you took advantage of what appeared to be a struggle when you peaked out your door and saw the expression on Miss Farrell's face when she saw what she thought she had seen and choked Armwell to death -and your fingers will fit perfectly to the marks on his throat. And most of all, because you knew just where to poke Miss Caruso in the back of the neck to cause immediate unconsciousness!"

Crimebuster reached out swiftly towards Kandell's throat. "Just about this spot, isn't it?"

Instinctively, the violinist's hand flew to a spot below the ear in a protective gesture.

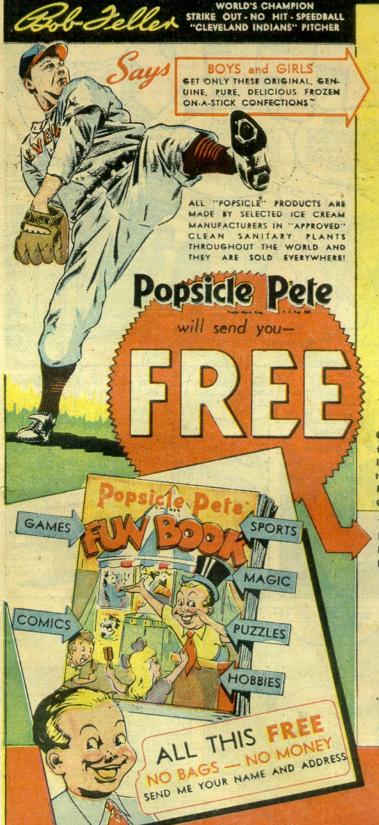
"See? I knew you'd understand," said Crime-

buster. "There's your killer, Crandell."

As he spoke, Kandell's mouth twisted in a snarl. "All right, I killed the conceited ham! I'm glad I did. And you're right-I know jiu-jitsu. Enough to kill you like snapping a twig!" With the last words, Kandell leaped like a coiled spring, straight at Crimebuster. There was a flash of twisting bodies, a groan of pain, and Kandell flew through the air to smash full length against the bulkhead before the others in the room could move.

"One other thing you forgot," grinned Crime-buster "You're not the only one who knows a

little about jiu-jitsu!"





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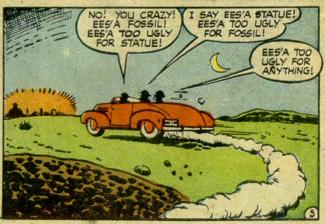






















































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